



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WHAT D-O-G SPELLS.

YES, I am five years old to-day!
 Last week I put my dolls away;
 For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,
 For one so old to go
 To school, and learn to read and spell—
 And I am doing very well—
 Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell
 How many things I know.

Well, if you'll only take a look—
 Yes, that is it—the last I took,
 Here in my pretty picture book,
 Just near the purple cover—
 Now listen—here are one, two, three
 Wee little letters, don't you see?
 Their names are D and O and G;
 They spell—now guess—*Old Rover.*

GIVING PLEASURE TO GOD.

It will make a great difference in our lives when, instead of doing things to please ourselves or our companions, we do everything to please God.

I once read a poem by Mary Howitt, in which this good thought is put into the lips of a very little child. He was called Willie. One day Willie's mamma saw him sitting very silent in the sunlight, with all the men and women and the beasts and birds of his Noah's ark set out in a row.

"What are you thinking about, Willie?" said his mamma.

Willie answering said:

"You know that God loves little children,
 And likes them to love him the same;
 So I've set out my Noah's ark creatures,
 The great savage beasts and the tame.
 I've set them all out in the sun-line,
 Where I think they are pleasant to see,
 Because I would give him some pleasure
 Who gives so much pleasure to me."

It is true that it is only a very little child who would think of giving God pleasure in that way. But although the way of doing the good thing is a little child's way the thing itself is good to do.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WE hope that all our young readers will learn and practice kindness to the dumb friends, like the boy and man and old man in the picture. A great poet has said—

He prayeth best who loveth best,
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

AUTUMN TREASURES.

AUTUMN is here again, and now, as always, her hands are full of lovely gifts, and she says to each one of us, "Come, and take. You are welcome to all you can gather!"

See them! gold and purple grasses, flaming leaves and vines, shining berries and pure white "everlastings!" Here is the feathery clematis that is only too glad to droop over our picture frame and trail down the window casings; the pink and green wild buckwheat vine, so dainty and delicate, if gathered before the hard frosts come, that you can never tire of its loveliness; and hosts of other treasures which you will be sure to find if you once begin the pleasant work of looking them up.

This is charming holiday work for our boys and girls. Make your own room a little bower of beauty, and see how calls will multiply for the work of your skilful hands in other parts of the house. Why should not every SUNBEAM reader be an "apostle of beauty" in his or her sphere, whatever it may be!

SHE RETURNED GOOD FOR EVIL.

WHAT a sweet, good-hearted little girl she must have been. Instead of taking a spiteful pleasure in seeing her master suffering from a dreadful disease, and hating him for keeping her in captivity, she pities and feels for him, and earnestly longs for his restoration and cure.

Surely the idolaters among whom she lived must have thought that the God whom she worshipped, must be a very

different Being from the unloving and cruel gods to which they bowed down, for nothing is more true than this—that we gradually become like that which we love and worship.

Let her in this again be an example to you, my dear little friend; and ever seek to "overcome evil with good," and return a kiss for a blow, a smile for a frown, and a loving word for a cross one. If ever you have to face an enemy, remember that the surest way to kill him, and the easiest too—is to kill him with kindness. I mean to try to melt him down into friendship by pouring hot coals of kindness and love upon his head.—(Romans xii. 20, 21.)

The only way in which you will be able to do this is by yielding up your heart to the loving Saviour; become his forgiven, happy servant, and he will give you strength and grace to shine for God, as this little captive maid did.

"Jesus bids you shine with a pure, clear light,

Like a little candle burning in the night;
 In a world of darkness, so we must shine—
 You in your small corner, and I in mine."

HENRY W. FIGGIS.

THE THOUGHTFUL GANDER.

GEESE are generally considered very silly creatures, but the story below, from an English paper, of a staid old gander who took upon himself the care of a poor blind woman, ought to give us a new feeling of respect for the race. It must have been a funny sight indeed, to see the dear old woman finding her way to the house of God led by a gander! But is it not, too, a touching instance of the care which our Father has for his afflicted ones:

In Germany an aged blind woman used to be led to church every Sunday by a gander. He would take hold of her gown, and lead her along by holding it in his beak. He would take her to the door of the pew where she sat. As soon as she was in her place, he would walk quietly out of the church, and occupy himself in the church-yard feeding on the grass till the service was over, and he heard the people coming out of church. Then he would go to the pew of his old mistress, and lead her home again. One day the minister of the church called to see this old person at her own house. He found that she had gone out, and he expressed his surprise to her daughter that they should let her go out alone. "Oh, sir," replied the daughter, "there is nothing to fear: mother is not alone; the gander is with her."